

From Wm Lloyd Garrison



Northampton, July 7, 1843.

My dear Mrs. Chapman:

From a sequestered spot in one of the prettiest towns in our great and wide country, I salute you. Hither I have come in quest of that, which, when possessed, is too frequently regarded as of little consequence; but which, when lost, is regarded above all things else on earth — to wit, health. If it is to be obtained for me any where, why not here, where all is fragrance and purity in the atmosphere, sublime and beautiful in the scenery, and peace and quietude among a rural population? Nothing troubles me, at present, except the swelling in my left side, which is still painful, and for which I scarcely expect to obtain permanent relief. I have just been reading a new mode of curing all diseases, in *Stoye's "Perfectionist,"* published in Putney, Vt. It is for the sick person to have faith that God will heal him instantly, and according to his faith it will be! This, you will perceive, is a panacea not to be purchased at the store of any druggist; and as I have no faith in it, there is no chance of its doing me any good. It is not almighty power and goodness, but human folly and marvellousness, that I distrust in this instance. Sure I am, that I most earnestly desire that the will of the Lord may be done in my case; but I do not think there is any perceptible difference in the size of the swelling, on that account. My "wonder" is too small to induce me to place any reliance on the prescriptions of fanaticism. For the present, I must seek relief in homoeopathy, diet, and exercise.

I suppose you are now located at Weymouth. Do you find Nature any less gay, beautiful and young, than when in childhood you gazed on her charming face? Is the sun less effulgent — is the moon less fair — are the stars less brilliant, than of old? Yet have they all advanced in years, and are much older than antiquity. They do what we perishable mortals cannot — fling defiance to Time, and support the weight of centuries as easily as though it were lighter than gossamer. Flesh and blood cannot compete with them, yet I defy them to outline us. Let not matter vaunt itself against spirit. On the brow of the latter is stamped immortality; and though its external drapery must fade, nothing shall be able to mar or mutilate itself. A pleasant, joyous summer to you, in the beautiful place of your nativity! May your heart be as light as the song of birds is sweet; your intellect clear as a cloudless sky; your path thickly strewn with the flowers of love and friendship as the concave of night with stars.

You have visited Northampton, and therefore need no description of it. I understand that there are no visitors, this season, at the hotels, from abroad. Such as "pass by on the other side" must be ignorant of the attractions it holds out to tourists. Ride in whatever direction you choose, the mind is filled with admiration and delight at the opulence and beauty of the scene. Newburyport must yield the palm to Northampton, though in some of its features it is decidedly superior. I have not yet become acquainted with any of the people, and can say nothing intelligently on that point. We were not allowed to occupy the town hall, on the 4th inst., for an anti-slavery meeting, after having engaged it, but were forced to organize in the open air. It was a spirited affair.

I see nothing, as yet, from your pen in the Liberator. I am sure that the omission has arisen from your other numerous engagements, for your good will is boundless, and your readiness to serve the cause almost beyond comparison or competition. There is scarcely one person in the wide world to whom I am so deeply indebted, in a variety of modes, as to yourself; and though I have given you in return few words expressive of my gratitude, be assured that my heart is none the less full of thankfulness.

I write in haste, as the bearer of this is to leave town immediately. How I yearn to see the countenances of my beloved Boston friends! It seems as if a month had elapsed since my departure.

My general health is improving, though the complaint affecting my left side remains in about the same state. Helen and the tribe of boys are all very well and happy. She sends you her best remembrances.

Please convey to my esteemed friends in Chauncey Place, the warmest expressions of my personal esteem and gratitude. I trust they are well, and enjoying the peace of Heaven in their minds. My best regards also to your estimable parents and sisters.

I intend to be at the Springfield Convention on Tuesday, as do also Dr. Hudson and James Boyle. We intend to have a due observance of the first of August in this place.

Mr. Child expects to be in Boston in all this week.

Mrs. Maria W. Chapman,

Weymouth,

Mass.

W. L. Garrison
Sunday.
1843

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